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MARTE

by
**Charles
Faucher**

The great draught horses swung past, flinging up the finely cobbled path beneath their hooves. The twilight mist quickly drew them into its secrecy, issuing now only a few faint thuds. A woman stood at the portico of the house, hands deep in her pockets, brushing aside imagined tangles of fog from her eyes.

"Ah, they are gone and our ruin is complete." She gazed to the empty stables at the left of the house; their white-washed walls stared back noncommittally. "Gone, gone, gone . . ." Water welled up from the pools of her wide dead eyes—eyes that recounted the tragedy that was past, and in their passivity and desolation, the pathless fields that lay ahead.

"Marte, Bill and myself are goin' off to Lanshire in a bit," her brother called. "You better phone your sister, let her know you're comin'. The insurance people are supposed to be here at four, and we're to be gone by then—so hurry." He slid the grip he held alongside the rest of the luggage

piled on the floor, and seeing that his order evoked no response, went to call Marte's sister himself.

A telephone, hanging like an afterthought on the wall, jingled as he dialed London. The disturbances bothered his mind into reverie, and he also saw the wreckage that the collapse of his father's trade had reduced them to. He cursed this man, whose opportune marriage and subsequent death had snatched the rest of their heritage from them, as a forbidding and mealy-mouthed necessity that could have been dispensed with had nature deemed it otherwise.

A voice gurgled out from the other end of the line. "Liz? It's me, Harry . . . fine, fine . . . yes, it is terrible weather. Marte wasn't supposed to come in till the end of the week. Well, we've had some complications . . . got our last today. What's that? Yes, yes, evicted. Be expecting her tonight then." The sound of the dropping receiver died in the tapestry on the far wall. His "Marte, she'll be expecting you tonight" was received only with a shrug of the shoulders.

She wasn't an ugly girl: young, face pinched a little from sorrow, but the past few weeks had destroyed whatever it was that gave it beauty now and then. A masque of tragedy that might have been transformed to joy had their been something to react to. Her frigidity toward her brothers, her meek servant-like attitude to

what had once been a bawdy group . . . yes, yes, yes, an eternity of numbing yesses. But now even the relative security of a servant had been deprived her; the last plank in the platform had been hurried away.

Nothing to do now but go and bear the subtle insults of her sister, the one who had married before it was too late—that opportunist! Perhaps she could have done the same, but there were none outside the tight circle of her family and servants. There was a groom once, one of the stable boys . . . and if that was all there was to it, then she didn't want it. The immense bottomless hole at the core of her being became something real, eating like a worm into her heart, and could not be stuffed with flesh.

Confusion, a clamorous exodus, a few dry sterile "good-bys," an empty house, a dog baying. "She expects you tonight, don't tarry."

The train rumbled slower and slower, a mechanical "Charing Cross, next stop please" blared from a box at the head of the compartment. Another hour perhaps and she would have to bear the accusing solitudes of her sister. If only there was another way . . . but it did not matter; she had not the courage. To bear the stilleto-like insinuations of "Ah, poor, neglected child," and knowing all the while that a brood of vipers turned next to her sister's heart; it was almost too much. And that little shell of a man who

was her husband. When the Muse prompted him, he did illustrations for the tabloids; but this Muse had a bad memory . . . his income was like the Nile—seasonal; and for the rest, non-existent.

“London, Nob Hill, please.”

Marte nervously yanked the cord running along under her window. She must get out; this was all her brothers had paid for. A negro, a small smear of red about his hair, helped her off the coach. The fog descended about her, spreading its damp innards. A sign pointed a phantom-finger in the surging vapor. “Nob Hill, three miles.”

The mist coated her with a blessed cloak of forgetfulness; she stumbled wearily against the brick wall of a pub. Inside, sounds of men trying to forget came out to greet her. So they knew too! In self-pity, in a cruel abnegation of her freedom, she knew that she was meant never to forget; on her brow pressed a deep and indelible mark, its tendrils reaching into her very soul.

Etched into the side of the wall, eaten by fungus at the edges, was a sign: “Barthie’s Hearth.” She had once known a Barthie; he had stunk of her father’s stables, had a hand like his currycomb brush. It tickled you behind the ears when he felt affectionate—a thread of satisfaction cut cruelly short. He was such a little worm of a man. In the troubled machinations of her mind, the fact that there were two different Barthies

failed to register. They had the same name, they must be the same man . . . it was all very simple.

Wave after wave of bitter, thankless memory poised and unfurled above her; she bent naked and raw beneath them. Her soul was a heap of smoldering ashes once having burned could never again.

She stood up against the wall, until suddenly the shutters grated back and light poured out into the quiet street. Something had prodded the thick heavy skin of her despair, perhaps even penetrated it. Only by an inrush of a wave of tremendous proportion did the broken pottery of her soul fill for an instant; but the shutters sprung back, and the light died like a blown candle—fading into nothingness. No, peace was a restive stranger here; peace was the toll of a Man she knew not. The eyes were nothing, told nothing; they were like an ear of corn, its husk stripped by eager hands and the meat devoured by crows. The infinite vacuity of her soul, that endless tunnel of her heart, gnawed upon the life of her eyes. She laughed inwardly, knowing the futility of plotting against her fate. She imagined that she was tied to a stake, the stake thrust deep into the back of one of her father’s horses led by an ancient woman in white robes. She wanted to cry out with the vast voice of the universe to God, to avert his gaze to the throe of his struggling toy; for the toy was

threatening his Olympus, one by one casting the stones from its foundation. Ah, of no use. She could as effectively address the crack in the sidewalk . . . God . . . father . . . Barthie . . .

Her bones melted into the flesh of her legs, and she collapsed just outside the door. One triumph at least. Nob Hill was no more.

The metal latch clicked inward and a long nose peered out at the prostrate figure on the concrete. "Oho! A child of the streets fallen at our doorstep.

"Barthie—come see what the north wind has blown in." He clucked maternally to himself, awaiting his master.

Marte looked pitifully thin with her damp clothing pressing her skin. Her eyes stared out beyond the wall, perhaps into the void of her soul; they were open but she did not see. Barthie took a glass of spirits and administered them; the effect was instantaneous. She looked him full in the face, as if he had been a ghost who was just now incarnated . . . this must be Barthie . . . but look how the years have changed him; he was only a crude boy five years ago; look now—the landlord of a tavern.

The complete dissimilarity of the two men did not strike her; the fleeting images in her mind needed little urging to fuse. All the stagnancy of a forest pond, filled with layers of rotting leaves, scorned by the sun, again filled her eyes. She continued looking at

him, and he felt unbearably uneasy. He could not look away; he felt as though he were witnessing the last effort of a soul; she drew him closer and closer to the mixing blades far back in her pupils . . . the expression stabilized . . .

"Why did you bring me here? You know I could never sorrow . . . You should have left me to die; you killed me once, was that not enough?"

Indeed, why had he? She was obviously useless, could only mutter incoherently.

At last her eyes left him and settled on the dying fire in the grate. Barthie turned and bolted for the door, hurling these words at his assistant: "Get that woman out of here!"

Something died a quiet and lasting death in her that instant; the last bands of her soul ebbed away in the darkness. Now was left not even the power of a peasant fingering his beads. She was no longer ignorant; she had trod the road to God, and suddenly meeting Him around a curve, threw her despairing soul into his face; it crumbled to dust, settling like death around his shoulders. She had turned with a satanic heat, building where the roots had been deepest. A seraph stood forever at the entrance to the Garden. It mattered no more what could be done with her flesh, what it could get of ransom money. Hope, even in this miserly thing, was a dead animal that already rotted before breathing its last.

NATHANIEL WEST

By

James McCullough

In the beginning of one of his plays, Tennessee Williams refers to "that quaint period, the thirties, when the huge middle class of America was matriculating in a school for the blind." Blunt as it is, this statement seems nostalgic placed next to the novels of Nathanael West, all written during the thirties. With humor born of despair, West threw his gauntlet at life itself and transcended those writers concerned only with social and economic ills. Yet it wasn't until seventeen years after his death that his work received the compliment of a collected edition.

West published his first novel, *The Dream Life of Balso Snell*, in 1931. Part of it was written during his frenzied senior year at Brown University, where the author combined hard drinking, eclectic reading, and work on the campus literary magazine. The rest was finished in Paris, where West joined the crowd of would-be Bohemians. But even then West stood a little apart, and as he himself said:

"By the time I got to Paris, the business of being an artist had grown quite difficult . . . Long hair and a rapt look wouldn't get

you to first base. You had to have something new on the ball. Even dirt and sandals and calling Sargent a lousy painter was not enough. You had to be original. Things were a good deal less innocent than they had been, and much more desperate.

"When I got to Montpanesse, all the obvious roles had either been dropped or were being played by experts. But I made a lucky hit. Instead of trying for strangeness, I formalized and exaggerated the costume of a bond salesman. I wore carefully pressed Brooks Brothers clothing, sober but rich ties, and carried gloves and a tightly rolled umbrella. My manners were elaborate and I professed great horror at the slightest breach of the conventional. It was a great hit. I was asked to all the parties."

Balso Snell, then, combines West's reaction to college and to the expatriate years in Paris. His mind glutted with pedantry and enervated by exhibitionism, West set out to out-pedant the pedants and out-exhibit the exhibitionists. The story concerns the adventures of the poet, *Balso Snell*, who is West's alter-ego. While walking in the tall grass that has sprung up around the city of Troy, *Balso* comes across the famous wooden horse of the Greeks and enters it through the posterior opening of the alimentary canal. All his subsequent adventures occur as he travels through the lower intestine. His first encounter is a Jew-



ish guide who expounds pompously on Picasso, James ('Does reality exist distributively or collectively?'), and Cezanne. Snell brushes him off with: "I have nothing against the Jews; they are a thrifty race. Some of my best friends are Jews." He next meets a Catholic mystic, Maloney the Areopagite, who between attempts to crucify himself with thumbtacks compiles data for a history of St. Puce, a flea who lived under the arm of Christ.

And so West continues for the rest of this weird, sometimes repulsive jest at almost everything he could think of—the classical tradition, his own Jewish heritage, the Catholic religion, literary scholarship (Snell meets a woman schoolteacher engaged in writing the biography of the man who wrote the biography of the man who wrote the biography of the man who wrote the biography of Boswell, the great biographer of Dr. Johnson.) Even art and the artist's audience cannot escape unscathed: West includes a frightful Dostoyevskian crime journal written by a twelve-year-old boy in short pants, and he has the elite patrons of an art theatre buried under tons of loose excrement, after which they can gather around in the customary charming groups to discuss the play. Balso's dream finally concludes with sexual release, and West puts "The miracle became manifest, The Two became One" up against "The army that a moment before

had been thundering in his body retreated slowly—victorious, relieved." The two statements cancel each other out. Here West has gone as far as he could; he negates his own negation: "I always find it necessary to burlesque the mystery of feeling at its source . . . I must laugh at myself, and if the laugh is 'bitter,' I must laugh at the laugh."

Unbalanced as it is, *Balso Snell* provides some clues to West's masterpiece of condensation, *Miss Lonelyhearts*, which appeared in 1933. In the former work West stated that if a story *had* to be told, he would tell it, and he had to have at least that much belief in art as communication to ever begin another novel. As for the subject matter of the new, more mature work, we find the point of departure in *Balso* when the hero dreams he is in Carnegie Hall ogling the girl-cripples "who congregate there because art is their only solace."

The main character of *Miss Lonelyhearts* is a reporter detailed to write an agony column and answer daily the letters from the lovelorn addressed to his paper. At first he considers the job a joke and dashes off leads like "Life is worthwhile, for it is full of dreams and peace, gentleness and ecstasy, and faith that burns like a clear white flame on a grim dark altar." But after a while the letters are no longer funny; he sees that they are inarticulate expressions of genuine suffering and that his

readers take him seriously. In what has been called 'a modernized, faithless Pilgrim's Progress,' Miss Lonelyhearts is forced to examine the values by which he lives.

The rest of the characters exist in the novel only as influences on the quickening torment within the soul of the hero. The chief antagonist is Shrike, the newspaper editor who cynically deflates in one remarkable outburst any dreams his employee might have of escape—the soil, the South Seas, Hedonism, art, suicide, drugs, religion. The reporter's girl friend entices him away from his job to a peaceful weekend in the country, but Miss Lonelyhearts realizes her happiness is based upon the ability to limit experience arbitrarily. He feels he must tread a middle path between the attitudes of Shrike and the girl if he is ever to win peace for his readers and himself.

Aware that Christ is the only possible answer, Miss Lonelyhearts still has some formidable obstacles in his path—Shrike's jokes ('J.C.—the Miss Lonelyhearts of Miss Lonelyhearts'), self-doubt, a lack of humility. Part of the struggle is carried out in the loneliness of his room, where he removes an ivory Christ from its cross and nails it to the wall with long spikes to make the figure appear more than calmly decorative. The struggle is also carried to the outside where he impudently ferrets out suffering, "as a dog tears at a

wound—to hurt the pain." Near the end the reporter's "Christ complex" seems ennobled by true humility and a genuine religious experience, but with a trace of irony—"He would submit future columns to God and God would approve them." The novel concludes in a tragedy of misconception when Miss Lonelyhearts rushes to succor with love a cripple with an imagined grudge against him.

At the conclusion the reader is surprised that West could tell so much in less than a hundred pages. "He felt like an empty bottle that is being slowly filled with warm, dirty water" is all West needs to sum up a seduction scene, and throughout the story West's economy of expression serves to make the reader see everything through the eyes of the central character, to react exactly as Miss Lonelyhearts does. Even if the conclusion is meant to symbolize, in the words of a critic, "the unreality of the Christian myth," the reader is still left with a painful awareness of the central problem and a realization that it must be confronted with something better than the usual platitudes.

West's pessimism, having been divorced from the least gleam of hope, takes a sociological and prophetic turn in the last two novels. *A Cool Million* (1934) is a brutally funny parody on the Horatio Alger legend. The villain of the piece is an ex-president of the United States, Shagpoke

Whipple. When his Rat River National Bank fails in the Crash, Whipple puts the blame on the "international Jewish bankers and Communists," and he vows to uphold the inalienable birthright of all Americans: "the right to sell their labor and their children's labor without restrictions as to either price or hours." Under Whipple's influence a country bumpkin named Lemuel Pitkin instead loses, in succession, his teeth, an eye, a thumb, his scalp, and his life. The final phase of this "dismantling of Lemuel Pitkin" occurs when the hero unwittingly joins Whipple's fascist party, the "leathershirts," who enforce the American virtues of isolationism, free enterprise, and racial prejudice. Pitkin is proclaimed a martyr for the cause, and on his birthday, a national holiday, the amassed youth of America shout: "Hail Lemuel Pitkin! All hail the American Boy!"

In *The Day of the Locust* (1939) West's setting of Hollywood is the focal point for an indictment of everything wrong with American society, especially the futility of the masses, the empty values by which they live:

"All their lives they had slaved at some kind of dull, heavy labor, behind desks and counters . . . dreaming of the leisure that would be theirs when they had enough. Where else should they go but California, the land of sunshine and oranges?

"Once there, they discover that

sunshine isn't enough. They get tired of oranges, even of avocado pears and passion fruit. Nothing happens . . . They watch the waves come in at Venice. There wasn't any ocean where most of them came from, but after you've seen one wave, you've seen them all. The same is true of the airplanes at Glendale. If only a plane would crash once in a while so that they could watch the passengers being consumed in a "holocaust of flame," as the newspapers put it. But the planes never crash . . ."

West concludes his savage portrait with a movie premiere during which the pushing and shoving of the mob erupts into a mass riot. Only in violence can the pent-up frustration of the crowd find release; with the frightening reality of a nightmare the tragic vision of Nathanael West reaches its ultimate expression.

Whether West ever would have succeeded in reconciling that vision with a higher truth, as he attempted in *Miss Lonelyhearts*, is uncertain. His brief career was cut short in 1940 when, at the age of thirty-six, he died in an automobile accident. None of his books had even approached the best-seller lists, and he had been forced to support himself as a hotel manager and as a hack writer for the movies. The fact that today, after his death, West is getting just recognition for his special talent has been aptly called "the final, tragic, Westian joke."

GO - GETTER

BY HENRY PICTOR

Every afternoon, when school lets out at 3:30, I hurry to the back of our old three story school building where my bike is parked. I hop on, look at my shiny wrist watch, and race down the school hill. At the bottom of the hill I turn left and go down the street to the Moores' house at the edge of town. Four minutes is good time to get to the Moores' house, but if there's snow on the ground, it takes longer.

I can't hang around the school-yard like a lot of the other fellows; I have work to do. One hundred and three papers is a lot of papers to deliver, and Mr. Randolph, my boss, says that mine is the largest country route he has. Of course, most of my customers live within the city limits of Chester, but still my route is classified as a country route.

Through an agreement with Mrs. Moore, Mr. Randolph delivers my papers to her porch every afternoon at about two o'clock. Then, when I get out of school at 3:30, I come down and roll my papers on her porch before I deliver them.

I've been on the route for two years now, and I have it down to a real system. At ten minutes to

four, if Mrs. Moore doesn't come out and start talking, I have my papers rolled and I'm ready to go. It doesn't take me long to deliver them either when the weather is nice, so I am always home by 5:15, supper time.

That is I'm generally home by that time, but I wasn't on that night two weeks ago. In a way I'm kind of glad it happened, glad in the right way that is, and yet I still can't figure it all out. I've always been pretty proud of myself. I get good grades in school. I'm good in sports. Having the paper route helps me there, for peddling my bike ten miles every day develops my leg muscles. But over and above that I'm going to get ahead in this world. I've saved up more money than any of those other fellows back at St. Pete's. I work hard, and I have lots of friends. I don't hang around with the fellows at the candy store; I don't have time. I never get into any trouble like they do either. I'm a businessman with responsibilities and a reputation. And yet . . . I wonder.

All this spring I had noticed Jim Fox and a couple of other public school boys going by the Moores' porch just before I was

ready to start my deliveries. They should take the bus home, but I guess that they like to walk. Fox, or Foxy as they call him, is a real leader, one like I could be if I wanted to. The fellows look up to him, and there is always a group of fellows with him. They mess around a lot and do a lot of crazy things. I just don't have time for that sort of stuff.

They never said anything to me when they went by, although they did generally look my way. I didn't want to tangle with them, so I always kept my distance. I'm as big as they are. In fact I'm a little bit taller and heavier than Foxy, but still I just didn't want any trouble with them.

That afternoon two weeks ago I noticed that they didn't come by as usual. The reason, as I found out later, was that they had a baseball game that afternoon.

I set out right on schedule. It was a beautiful day, not too warm, but the sun was shining brightly. There was a bit of a breeze, that sharp, fresh kind that you get in April. I buttoned up my jacket and peddled down the street. I felt good. Sister Jane had told me that afternoon that I was to be Master of Ceremonies for the First Communion coming up in two weeks. Of course I had expected it. The best server in the eighth grade was always M.C. for the First Communion, and I was the best server. Sister Jane herself said no one served with as much precision and grace as I did, and

it was good to be reassured of one's position. Jim Smith had said that he would be M.C. I guess this showed him who was better.

I zoomed along my route. Mr. Riley, the bartender at the tavern, had his usual "Hi, Billy" for me as I proudly walked in and plunked the paper down on the bar. The rest of those guys at school thought they were pretty tough, but they didn't go into a tavern every day like I did.

As I got toward the end of my route, I noticed that there was a ball game going on at the park. I made my deliveries to the houses behind the park, and I came around the park just as the game was over. There was Foxy and crew. Foxy was the captain of the team and the best player the public school had. I looked at the score board, and saw that they had lost. It dawned on me that this was their first loss of the season. Served 'em right; they were too big for their britches anyhow.

Now they were walking back to the public school, two blocks away. Foxy was leading the group, and none of them looked any too happy after their defeat. I was on the other side of the street, a safe distance I thought, and as I rode along I just couldn't resist making one remark.

"So ya got beat, huh, Foxy. Too, too bad."

As soon as I said it I realized my mistake. They hadn't said a word to me and hadn't even noticed me. But now a couple of the

players turned and looked at me, though I didn't think Foxy heard me. I rounded the corner, stopped, and leaned my bike up against a tree in front of Mrs. Bickel's house. She was persnickety about her paper, so I had to take it up to her door each evening. As I climbed her front steps I could feel at least a dozen pairs of eyes staring into my back.

"Who said that?" I heard Foxy call out.

I tried to be nonchalant. I opened Mrs. Bickel's screen door and slid the paper between it and the front door. As I came down the steps I saw that Foxy had stopped and was looking in my direction.

"You say that?" he shouted across the street. I didn't answer, but I just walked down the steps to my bike.

"Yeah, he said it. You goin' to let 'im get away with it, Foxy?" I recognized the voice of a little short guy who walked home with Foxy every night. "It's that wise paper boy we see all the time."

Foxy started across the street. I felt like hopping on my bike and taking off. But I knew that running wouldn't do any good. I just stood there on the sidewalk. Foxy walked up to me. He was still in his baseball uniform, although he had changed his spikes for his regular shoes.

"What was that you said, wise guy?"

"Nothing, really nothing," I muttered.

All of Foxy's friends stood back and formed a circle around us. I noticed that there were quite a few of the guys from St. Pete's in the group. But none of them stepped forward to help me; they were very interested in seeing what I was going to do.

"Put up your dukes," Foxy said. "Come on; hit me!"

I just stood there. What was I going to do? I had never been in a fight before. That was kids' stuff. "Why doesn't somebody help me?" I thought. Foxy landed a solid right on my nose. Then he hit me in the eye. A couple more socks to the head and another left in the eye, and the next thing I knew I was sitting down on the ground. I looked up at Foxy. I hadn't even raised my fists.

"What's the matter? Yuh chicken?" Foxy sneered at me and then turned to his friends. "Let's go fellows," he said. "Our paper boy's had enough."

It was over that fast. The fellows walked off, laughing and talking, the St. Pete's boys with them. I could hear Foxy's voice above the rest of them.

"What's the matter with him? He's sure an odd-ball."

Tears welled up in my eyes in spite of myself. I picked myself up. As I stood there gingerly fingering my swelling eye which the tears streamed from, I heard Mrs. Bickel's voice.

"Those bad boys," she said. "What have they done to you, Billy? Oh you poor thing. Here,

let me put something on that eye."

By this time Mrs. Mason from across the street had also come to inspect my bruises.

"Unprovoked, they deliberately attacked you, the delinquents. Billy? Oh, you poor thing. Here, to call Joe Martin." (He's our town cop.) "It's rowdies like that that cause trouble. They're not like you, Billy."

I could see the story building up already. Me, a martyr. I unfolded my clean handkerchief, dried my tears, and blew my nose. I couldn't help but regret a little that it wasn't bleeding. I thanked the two ladies and said that I had better hurry home. They wanted to know whether maybe somebody shouldn't go along with me to protect me on the rest of my route. I snapped out, "No!" got on my bike, and rode down the block. I just had a few papers left to deliver, so I was soon home.

I put my bike away in the garage, took off my jacket, and brushed some of the dirt off the back of it. I put my jacket back on, but I didn't straighten my hair, and I'm sure my jaw sagged a little as I entered through the back door.

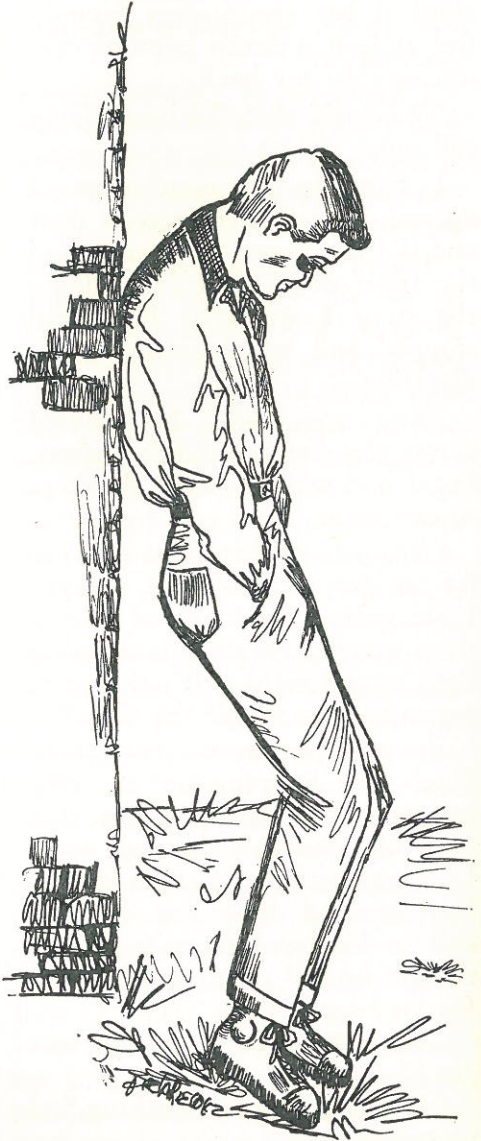
The family was already seated around the large kitchen table, eating supper. I guess I was pretty late. My mother said, "What happened, Billy? You're . . . Billy, what happened to your eye?"

I could feel the eyes of the whole family, my father, mother, and all my younger brothers and

sisters on me. I stood there, and I answered weakly, "I got into a fight."

"Got into a fight, eh?" my father asked. "I'll bet the other fellow is really in sad shape."

"I didn't even hit him, dad."



With these words the dams broke, and the tears poured down my cheeks.

My mother said, "There, there now, Billy. It's all right. He's a good boy. He doesn't fight." I wanted to say "No! No!" but the words stuck in my throat. "Come now, Billy, sit down and have some supper."

I managed to blubber that I wasn't hungry, and I walked out of the kitchen. I heard my father's voice as I left the room. "Let him go, mother. He's all right."

I went up to my room and just lay on my bed. My head ached all over. I dried my tears and looked at myself in the mirror. Sure enough, there was a lump over my right eye swelling up like a baseball. I was really going to have a shiner. Big purple bruises were starting to show up on my cheeks also. I lay there on my bed, thinking, for a long time that evening.

By the next day my right eye was swollen almost shut. None of the boys at school said much to me. They didn't even tease me, but they just ignored me. The worst part of the day was at servers' practice for First Holy Communion. When Sister Jane saw me, she said, "Oh, you poor boy, Billy. I know all about it—how those public school boys ganged up on you. Now you . . ." I wanted to run, but instead I turned around and walked across the room. The other servers walked away and left me standing

there by myself. Sister Jane looked at me for a moment, and then went on with the practice.

I didn't see Foxy and his group that afternoon when I was rolling my papers on the Moores' porch. In fact I haven't seen them for the last two weeks. I guess they're taking the bus home now.

When I went into Mr. Riley's that evening, he had his usual greeting for me, and he added, "Quite a shiner you got there, Billy!" but he didn't say any more. I was glad that he didn't.

The "martyr" story got around town, but there were enough versions of what happened so that nobody knew exactly what to believe.

First Communion was yesterday. My eye is still swelled up a little bit, but most of the bruises are gone from my cheeks. The ceremonies went off pretty well, except for the fact that I missed a couple of genuflections. Sister Jane brushed by me in the hall afterwards and didn't say a word.

I do wish the fellows would talk to me. I guess they never did say much to me, but I wish they would talk to me now. It's not that they avoid me, but it just seems like they have nothing much to say when I'm around. Maybe, if I got into another fight with Foxy . . . or maybe, if I did something bad like breaking a window in school. I wonder.

Well, I better get over to the Moores' house. Free day or not there's still papers to deliver.

Figures For A Vision

The emotions that flow through these troubled weary minds
Filling the halls with forced laughter and hollow cheer
Longing to be free and knowing that they can never be
Pity, pity and deep disillusionment is all that one can feel
The only sentiments a human heart can evoke at times these
Sadness, sadness and wonder at how the cave shall live again.
A Bethlehem child many million years ago had an answer for then
For then and not for then it seems. The message that has flown
Over a million human years has a distorted and miserly face
Vessels meant to bear are found to be lacking bottoms
And grace has an easy transit.
Ancient cants find an uneasy abode here
Here among the leers, audible at best, yet hauntingly there.
Straw child, warmed by cattle mist, warmed by deep fellowship
You would indeed find an alien scene
The mist has iced and its glassy bits your only bed
The lonely rutted roads flowing to your creature-stall
Transformed utterly to paved feeling, to worn and glassy sty.

"Oh my people!
What have I done to thee?"

Yea, Lord
Those tears were wept in anguished vain
Lain and encrusted on the spreading green
Unless few animals trod them as passed they by
Hands gone astray, digging great chunks, in them embedded mustard
seeds.

Man

Would need a Deluge of these tears to wash embedded stains away
Fluctuating star, shafts touching earth in glowing rays
I see Magi three from the East, from the land of the dark-skinned
White-souled
Wrap them in your soft light, glide them quickly to this babe
For they might also lose the vision
Shepherds, potboys
Forsake your warm milk, your scrubbed rocks
Fly with weightless feet to the solitary stall
Leather bootied, softly footfall
Leave hastily strung jerkin unstrung
Fly with streaming hair
For he is not long there, not long there
The star ebbs, flows, enwraps
They swiftly glide
Quickly, quickly tender ones
The vision is not long there
But of no use

The vision falls a million years away
The shepherd, the potboy, the magi three all lose their feathers and fade
The star contracts and becomes another dully shining point
The straw, the bitten wood burn easily and are soon ashes
To be resurrected in fiberboard, the star in tinsel, the figures in clay
The vision is sand, dripping easily through the fingers.

—Charles Faucher

Lost People

Elf
Stenciled grin
Knows his sin
Wire
Thread of silver
His head a hanger
Bobbing
Gentle Wind-hands
(He also does hand stands)
Hands pocketed
Eyes socketed
Guilt
From every pore
Festering sore

Effigy
Lamp lighted
Figure
Scorned
Elf
Not your age
Alien
Lamp-posted


Child
Cardboarded
Smiling paintedly
Mother
Hovering
Father
Protecting
Spirit
Incarnating

Slush
Slopping
Blue-red
running down
Insults
diffident glances

Judas
Bought the child
They never can
Even for blood-token
They
Pottered-field
All stabled
You should be
Child
They will never see
Err not
Never will I
Peg-legs
Glee-hopping
Peg-hearts
Child slopping

This was a town
—not the least of Judea—
Where a prophet could not be had
For all towns were his towns.
The Word must wander . . .

—Charles Faucher



The Pearl Harbor Problem

The attack on Pearl Harbor by the Japanese on December 7, 1941, shocked the United States into war. All segments of the country discarded their differences and united behind President Roosevelt to bring the Axis powers to their knees. Was a shock such as Pearl Harbor necessary to unite the country in an all-out war effort? Did the leaders of the United States realize the necessity of such a shock and lure the Japanese into the attack? Or was it just coincidence that after the negligence of the Army and Navy chiefs at Pearl Harbor that the United States became united in a war effort? Did President Roosevelt plan by a series of calculated steps to force the Japanese to attack Pearl Harbor? These questions have been asked and answered hundreds of times by competent persons with much result-

ing testimony in conflict. The responsibility for Pearl Harbor has been assigned to and taken away from many high ranking Army and Navy officers, right up to President Roosevelt himself.

In January, 1941, Admiral Husband E. Kimmel was appointed by the President to take command of the fleet stationed at Pearl Harbor. Admiral Kimmel's predecessor, Admiral James O. Richardson, had been relieved, among other reasons, because he recommended that the naval base be moved from Pearl Harbor to the West Coast because of the deficiencies in defense at Pearl Harbor. President Roosevelt said that he felt a fleet on the West Coast would not serve as a deterrent to the Japanese. But in 1941 Pearl Harbor was inadequate as a base. The base had only four tankers in workable condition, and ninety-

BY RICHARD MEISTER

six hours were necessary to refuel the fleet if it were at sea. Therefore one-third of the fleet or two-thirds at the most could be kept at sea. Admiral Kimmel had requested from the Navy Department a number of small, fast craft and two squadrons of patrol planes. This request was not fulfilled. The Army Hawaiian Department had been promised one hundred and eighty B-17 bombers, but only twelve were delivered by December 7, and only six of these were in operating condition. Therefore the security of the base was not what it should have been. Was this the fault primarily of the War Department in Washington or was it the fault of the die-hard isolationists who were in Congress and who failed to vote adequate appropriations for the country's defenses?

On November 28, the carrier "Enterprise" and a task force were sent to Wake Island, and on December 5 the carrier "Lexington" and a task force left Pearl Harbor for Midway. With the carriers at sea, the battleships remained at Pearl Harbor without sufficient air coverage. The question arises whether Admiral Kimmel should have sent the battleships along with the carriers, slowing down the entire operation, or whether the officials in Washington, who had a much better knowledge concerning our relations with the Japanese, should not have proposed the operation in the first place.

Also, there were at Pearl Harbor only forty-nine patrol planes which were in flyable condition. There were not enough spare parts or crews to keep these planes going twenty-four hours a day, something which would have been necessary to provide an impregnable defense system. There is much reason to believe that Admiral Kimmel should have known that our relations with the Japanese had become worse since November 27, and he should have instituted a temporary defense system.

The Hawaiian commanders' only information concerning the Japanese came straight from Washington. Admiral Kimmel and General Walter C. Short, the Army Commander at Pearl Harbor, took the information sent to them as the entire amount of knowledge which the War Department had on the Japanese. At this time the United States had broken the Japanese code and had knowledge of many of the secrets and war plans of the Japanese. Three locations had the decoding or "magic" machines. Washington had many machines in different locations: the Asiatic Fleet in the Philippines had one, and one machine had been earmarked for Pearl Harbor but instead was sent to the British. It seems very strange that the United States could not afford to give Pearl Harbor a "magic" machine.

Washington officials withheld much of the information which

they had on the Japanese because they believed that they had sent the most important information to Pearl Harbor and the rest of the information could only lead to confusion and possible discovery by the Japanese that their code had been broken. All during November the Japanese Consulate in Hawaii was radioing in code twice a week the exact movements of all ships in Pearl Harbor. The consulate also had divided up the Bay into five sections and had a description of each dock. This information was radioed to Japan. Washington had decoded these messages but did not send this information to Pearl Harbor because, it is claimed, the Japanese were sending similar information from South America, Panama, and the Philippines and therefore this information did not mean that Japan was particularly interested in attacking Pearl Harbor.

On November 26, the United States had issued proposals to the Japanese which many considered to be an ultimatum. The Japanese kept up negotiations after that date to cover up a plan that went into effect on November 29, which for them was an immovable deadline date for agreement. This information was never sent to Pearl Harbor.

On December 5 Japan had broadcast her winds code "east wind rain," which meant either war or the breaking off of diplomatic relations with the United States. This information was

never sent to Pearl Harbor because the "winds" message was misplaced.

The Japanese had sent to their consulate in Washington a fourteen-point ultimatum which was to be handed over to our government at 1:00 p.m. on December 7, 1941. The Navy Department had intercepted and decoded this message about 7:00 a.m., Washington time, and 1:00 a.m., Hawaiian time, or six hours before the attack. Was this information withheld from Pearl Harbor because it was not considered to be a declaration of war, or for some other reason?

On December 1, Captain A. McCollum, U.S. Navy, prepared a warning message to be sent to Pearl Harbor. This message never left Washington. The only message which reached Pearl Harbor and which contained even a hint of the coming conflict was the "war warning" message sent on November 27. However the effect of the message was nullified by the wording. This message indicated that the Japanese were planning an amphibious expedition for the Far East with a possible objective of Borneo. Pearl Harbor was not even considered as a possible objective. The message also stated that a return answer was expected concerning the measures taken locally. Admiral Kimmel and General Short informed Washington that the only measures taken by them were against possible sabotage and that

no all-out alert measures were in force. Washington was apparently satisfied with the Pearl Harbor commanders' interpretation that a "war warning" message referred only to sabotage. Was the interpretation of the "war warning" message not straightened out because of some mental mistake by a high ranking War Department official or for some other reason?

Also on the 27th, Admiral Kimmel received two proposals for the transferring of planes and Marines to Wake and Midway. He turned these proposals down, but the fact that these proposals were made might indicate that Washington wanted Admiral Kimmel to think that Pearl Harbor was not an objective of the Japanese.

The Fourteen-Point ultimatum was in the hands of the Chief of Navals Operations, Admiral Harold R. Stark, and the Chief of Staff, General George Marshall, on Sunday morning before the attack. Admiral Stark did nothing about the ultimatum, but General Marshall did send a warning before the attack by commercial circuit. This warning reached Pearl Harbor six hours after the attack, although Marshall had on his desk a telephone with a direct connection to the commanding general in Hawaii. It is thought by some that General Marshall failed to use his telephone because he felt the message was just ordinary information, but others think that there was some other reason.

On December 16, 1941, after the attack and after Admiral Kimmel and General Short had been relieved from duty, the Roberts Commission was set up by the President to investigate Pearl Harbor. This commission was not conducted in accordance with any set of rules normally used in such an investigation. This was not to be an official trial or court-martial but only a means by which the public might be made to realize that something was being done in Washington to find out who was to blame for Pearl Harbor. Admiral Kimmel was not allowed counsel or to cross-examine witnesses or even to hear the testimony of any witnesses. He was not allowed to have with him at the investigation his Junior officers at Pearl Harbor since they were by this time out at sea. He was not allowed to revise the transcript of his testimony, which he maintained was made incomplete, inaccurate, and misleading. Were Admiral Kimmel and General Short found guilty of carelessness at Pearl Harbor because they were really careless or because the administration needed scapegoats?

In June, 1944, Congress demanded a complete investigation of Pearl Harbor by a Naval Court of Inquiry and an Army Board of Investigation. These two investigations, which were conducted according to precedent, found Admiral Kimmel and General Short relatively clear of blame. They placed the blame largely on the

Secretary of the Navy and the Secretary of the Army and their subordinates. But because of the war, these findings were not published until after the war was over, and then only part of the findings were made public.

In 1946, the democratic congress instituted a joint committee to study Pearl Harbor. After thousands of pages of testimony, the majority report found that the Washington officials discharged their responsibilities completely, and that the Hawaiian commanders made errors of judgment, but could not be charged with dereliction of duty. However, the minority report placed the blame for the failure to perform the responsibilities essential to the defense of Pearl Harbor on President Roosevelt, as Commander-in-Chief, then on the Secretaries of the Army and Navy, on General Marshall, Chief of Staff, and Admiral Harold R. Stark, Chief of Naval Operations, and lastly on General Short and Admiral Kimmel.

Many historians have tried to show that Mr. Roosevelt provoked the Japanese into attacking the United States. But the events before 1941 point out that President Roosevelt's policy towards the Japanese was, in justice, the only policy which the United States could follow. The United States could not morally keep sending the Japanese scrap-iron and oil which the Japanese were using to carry on their aggression in the

Far East.

President Roosevelt made secret agreements with the British in order to help the Allied effort against the Axis powers. He realized that without armed intervention by the United States Germany could not be defeated. He realized that it was only a matter of time that Japan and the United States would come to war over China. He realized that when war came the United States would have to be completely united emotionally to carry on an all-out war effort. He realized that a somewhat devious policy was necessary much of the time in order to unite the country in some sort of pre-war preparation, such as the Lend Lease Act and the Selective Service Act. Did these realizations result in Pearl Harbor and the loss of 3,077 American lives?

One conclusion which can be reached is that the President, with the advice of high ranking Army and Navy officers and cabinet members, purposely kept vital information from reaching Pearl Harbor. The defense of Pearl Harbor was hampered by the failure to supply that base with sufficient tankers, patrol planes, and trained personnel and by the transferring of a fourth of the fleet to the Atlantic. Although there is no substantial proof that the President and his advisers knew the exact time for the Japanese attack, they left Pearl Harbor wide open for attack at the same time when other bases in the

Far East were somewhat more adequately prepared. The Japanese took the bait which was offered to them and fell into the trap which resulted in the total defeat of the Axis powers four years later.

An opposite conclusion is that the President and his advisers made every effort to forestall a Japanese attack and to keep the Pacific commanders alert as to what was happening. The defenses of Pearl Harbor were hampered, not purposely, but because of the lack of appropriations. Pearl Harbor was not sent all the information concerning Japan because Washington thought they had sent as much information as was needed and because of the fear that the Japanese would find out that their code had been broken. Part of the fleet was transferred only to help the British. Throughout early December, Washington knew an attack by the Japanese was imminent, but only on Southeast Asia and they had no idea about an attack on Pearl Harbor. The commanders at Pearl Harbor committed errors of judgment by not interpreting the "war warning" message correctly and by not having a temporary defense alert system. After the attack, the President took advantage of this Japanese strategic mistake and unified the country behind him in an all-out war effort which brought about the total defeat of the Axis powers four years later.

This great debate concerning Pearl Harbor will continue until historians will have all the official documents and will be emotionally removed from the scene. It will take fifty years more to reach the final conclusions. In the past ten years many books have been written concerning Pearl Harbor. Admiral Husband E. Kimmel, Commander of the Fleet at Pearl Harbor, has written *Admiral Kimmel's Story* in which he draws the conclusion from the facts already known that President Roosevelt lured the Japanese into bombing Pearl Harbor. Admiral Robert A. Theobald, Commander of the destroyer "Battle Force," in his book *The Final Secret of Pearl Harbor* draws the same conclusion as Admiral Kimmel. Captain T. B. Kittredge, Naval historian, offers views conflicting with Admiral Kimmel and Admiral Theobald in his articles, "The Muddle Before Pearl Harbor," which appeared in *U.S. News & World Report* on December 3, 1954. President Roosevelt's policies are defended by William L. Langer and S. Everett Gleason in *The Challenge to Isolation 1937-1940* and *The Undeclared War 1940-1941*, also by Basil Rauch in *Roosevelt, From Munich to Pearl Harbor*, and by Herbert Fries in *The Road to Pearl Harbor*. President Roosevelt's policies are criticized by Charles A. Beard in *President Roosevelt and the Coming of the War*, and by Charles C. Tansill in *Backdoor to War*.

A ROSE

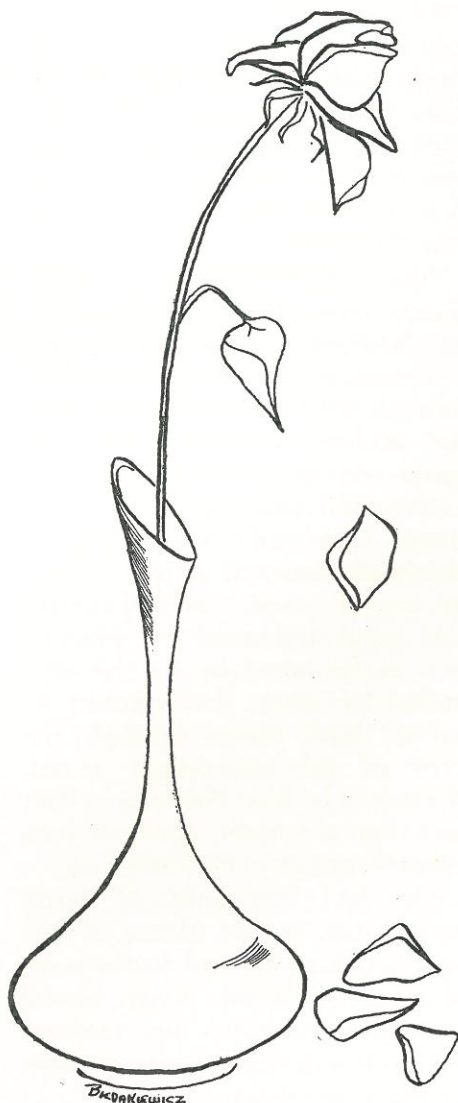
IS A ROSE

IS A

By John Klawitter

"But Harry, it's the flavor," she said, "The flavor is so realistic."

"Realistic! Charley Lavine is about as realistic as an old shoe. How about the part where he comes panting into her apartment and begs forgiveness from his lady love? Those things never happen



in real life. And besides, it's wrong to carry on like that."

She bit her lip. "It's not that way. It's just life, and it happens—can't you look at it like that?" She paused, wanting to change the subject. Arms linked, they walked along the dark street. "Anyway, it's the best show in town."

He rubbed his nose with a rough palm. "Well, I guess you're right about that. But it don't say much for the rest of the movies, does it? And watching that kind of stuff could give you the wrong kind of . . ."

"Oh, don't be old-fashioned, Harry. Next thing you'll be talking about the Legion of Decency."

The neighborhood they walked through was an old one; the listing shadows of sixty years of boom and jerry-built walls were a drunken jumble under the moon. Now and then a lone car hummed; one was coming now. Its engine purred behind them. Her hand tightened on Harry's arm as she heard it. As the auto rushed by them, she watched its curved body move through the glow of the street-light ahead. What was he like, the man in that car? For a second, she had seen his dark image as he flashed by.

She had lain through many dark hours, in the silence of her bedroom, and listened to the noise of the cars. How many times? How many nights? The familiar whirl starts in the distance, changes its voice, grows louder. Brief light

slants through her window, her Venetian blinds run black lines across the back wall. The light dies out. The sound vanishes. And she lies alone, waiting for the next car.

A chill ran along her back and moved down her legs. Complaining it was cold, she slipped her hand into Harry's topcoat pocket. In silence, they turned down a short side street, and, stopping before her apartment, faced each other. With due respect for her sex, remembering that she might someday be the mother of his children, he lightly daubed his lips against her cheek, and took his leave.

She was alone in the hallway, trying to remember if he had kissed her or not. Prude, that's what. Harry Prude. Petulantly she scuffed a suede shoe against the door and burrowed into her purse. Harry Prude. If he's like that now, how will he be after? Unbearable. She pounded a few finishing nails into her dream home, and concentrated on the characters. Scene I, Act I. There he was, gulping down breakfast behind the morning news. And she would be downstage left, seated across from him, her eyes straining through the paper to see if that was really her husband over there. He's getting up. Now for that silly peck on the cheek and he'll rush off to his office job, his white-collar battle front. Her knight in shining, shining—she didn't know what.

She twisted her key and entered the gloom. The room was poorly furnished. A small, dusty clock ticked mechanically from the wall. An imitation Picasso intimidated the rest of the room from its throne over the couch. She left her coat on the sofa, and walked into the bedroom. It was late. Work tomorrow. God, what a life. Work every day. Go out with Harry almost every night. Harry . . . Harry wasn't so bad, but . . .

Charley Lavine was crushing her in his arms. "No, Charley," she was saying, "No, no, no, it isn't right," but she wasn't really fighting him. He was crushing his lips to hers as he . . . Why couldn't it be real, even with Harry? Charley was holding her close in his strong arms, and she was sinking, sinking into an abyss of passion.

Like a foggy nightmare, her bedroom drifted into view. She stared at the olive green wall in front of her. Olive green. What a color for a bedroom. She grim-

aced at the wall and turned to her cedar chest. On the low chest sat a stuffed toy dog. A boy had given it to her. Not Harry. She couldn't remember the boy's name. The dog's bright eyes peered at her, through her, or past her, but for once were nothing but blank, glassy eyes.

She threw her dress over a chair, and sat at attention before her dressing mirror. Now that wasn't such a bad shape . . . in fact she was—she hesitated at the word—built, as they say. Large round eyes stared back at her from the mirror. Wasn't she—pretty, even? It was so hard to tell . . .

For a long time, she didn't move. The clock ticked on the wall of the living room. "Twenty-six," she thought, "I'm twenty-six." She put her fingers to her ears, but she knew it was ticking anyway. Twenty-six—her head slowly sank to the table. From a few feet away, it didn't even look like she was crying.



SPIRIT OF THE ABYSS

Apart from Christ, we know
neither what our life nor our
death is; we do not know
what God is nor what we
ourselves are.

Pascal, *Pensees*

Leon Bloy was one of a race of
lonely giants which nineteenth
century France raised up against
the dusty ruins of humanism,
against the shattering nakedness
of a world-soul gone dry at its
root, against the opacity clouding
men's eyes through science; he
was essentially a man alone, di-
vorced from society by intent and
circumstance. From this position

CHARLES
FAUCHER

he inveighed with fire against the state of his fellow humans; but at once this face is replaced by another—a face full of humility and transparent joy.

Bloy has been characterized by many phrases, some adequate, some faulty; only one does him full justice: "Pilgrim of the Absolute." In light of this his teachings on suffering yield their richest fruit; his burning desire to wrestle with the truth found only in the deepest depths, the meaning to be found only after tearing off, husk by husk, the layers of falsity and half-truth binding tightly to the core, forced him to travel a road unused and tortuous. He describes this passage from the unsure refractory condition of man to the Absolute in these terms: "The absolute is a journey without return, and that is why those who undertake it have so few companions . . . They always pursue the same object, always go in the same direction. They march on day and night without turning to the right or left, be it only on a single occasion and for a single moment. They know that the whole of life, every thought, every feeling, every act . . . is simply part of one constant emanation from the primordial decree of the Almighty Will. Imagine a man of action, an explorer who embarks on his travels. His stirring appeal has induced a few ardent spirits to accompany him. They did not see the suffering that awaited them . . . they are led into

a desert, a land of desolation. There awaits them cold, darkness, hunger, thirst, boundless fatigue, appalling misery, agony, a bloody sweat. And the foolhardy leader looks around in vain for his companions. Then only does he understand that it is God's will that he should bear his sufferings alone, and he plunges into the unfathomable darkness, bearing his heart like a torch before him." (*L'Invenable*)

Suffering for Bloy is one of the conditions, one of the proper attitudes of man since the expulsion of Adam from the Garden at the tip of a flaming sword. Just as the first man endured the consequences of his sin in isolation, so modern man suffers most in the recesses of his own being. Suffering is the bitter fruit, the necessary handmaid of exile; it is truly the "bread that each man must eat alone." But although the skin of this fruit be acid, the core, the living center, holds the cipher that will explain and reveal the plight of man suffering.

"In his poor heart man has places which do not yet exist, and suffering enters in order to bring them to life," Bloy commented in a letter written in his later life. Suffering, misery, despair were fibrils of the heart of Bloy; they were truly of his heart, for in them were contained seeds of hope, joy, and happiness.

No form of misery was unknown to this man—material poverty, lapses and relapses into

sin, anguish resulting from carnal passion, the grief from the loss of a child—he knew them all. The wonder of it is that he did not succumb to them, to their almost unbearable weight: the vision of their meaning was never obscured. Here I must remark that nothing will substitute for the actual reading of those passages in Bloy wherein he portrays the long and bitter series of his trials; nothing will substitute for the experience of listening to Bloy describe the many crosses that crowd the way to his Calvary and the shining pillar of crossed light on the mount into which he blends himself: it is unique; its truth is overpowering.

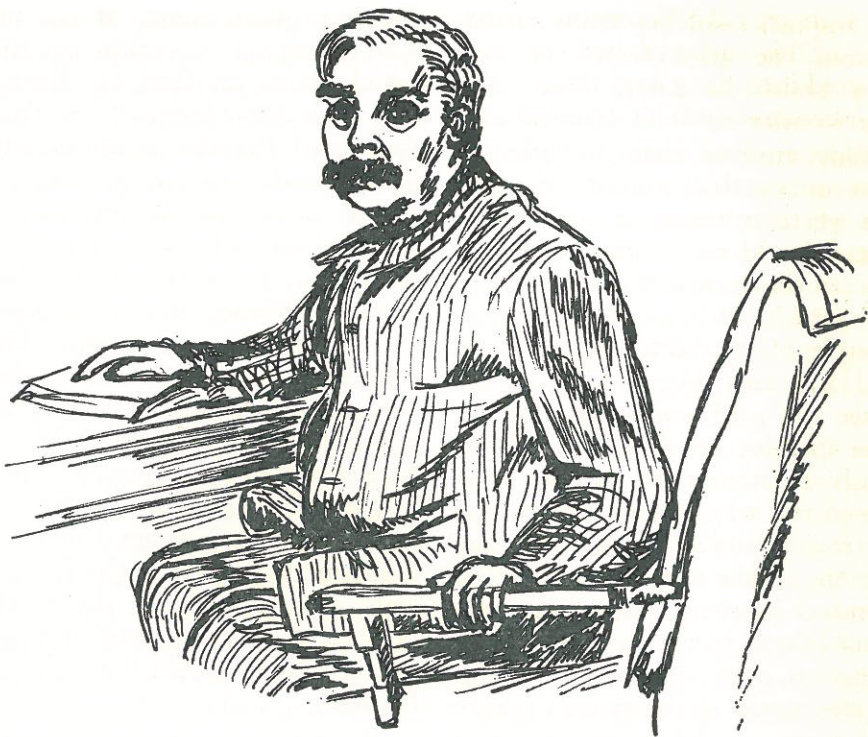
But the real point here is not merely to see the sufferings which Bloy's surroundings subjected him to, but to see rather how he refused to submit to them and was filled with joy at their occurrence. "I have suffered misery; I have wedded it for love when I might have chosen a different mate." This suffering was his initiation into the spiritual life, and his understanding of it was this life's completion.

Two letters written before his genius came to full bloom contain the whole of his doctrine of suffering, the bitterest dregs of which he was yet to taste.

"Suffering . . . is that diamond key with which I entered into my own heart . . . Joy makes Him (God) seem far off, while suffering brings Him to us as if he had

taken his abode in us. When afflictions come, we instinctively feel their connexion with the favors that went before . . . They come one after the other, knocking repeatedly on our poor hearts . . . A heart without affliction is like a world without revelation; it sees God only in the faint gleam of twilight. Our hearts are filled with angels when they are filled with affliction . . .

"Suffering seals us within the will of God as in a tomb; it shrouds us like the winding sheet of a deep night; it gradually contracts our horizon and the vast universe dwindles for us. It sinks still further; first one object disappears, then another; we become less and less a prey to distraction. Our inward life is more awake. Our soul grows strong. And now we are on Calvary . . . the line of darkness has touched Jerusalem itself . . . Even the consolations of the spiritual city have disappeared. The helmets of the soldiers barely cast a faint reflex upon the dark background. The greenness of the mountains becomes black. For a moment we are blinded . . . then by degrees the white form of Jesus takes shape in the midst of the profane darkness. His blood flows warm upon our hands when we seize the cross, for it is not an apparition; it is life! We are with God . . . He is what the estrangement of his creatures has made for us. He was always the same in our souls, only he was eclipsed by the false brightness of his crea-



tures.”

The only substantial element which Bloy added to this doctrine was the precise link between Christ on the cross and human suffering. Beguin summarizes this relationship as follows: “Suffering, even when not understood, even when submitted to and not chosen, is always . . . imitation of the crucified Lord.” Calvary is the lodestar, the “north” for the fallen creature, the direction to which the compass of our inner life must point. And if our torments drag us in this direction, even though we be unknowing and unwilling, it is because even

ages after Christ mankind finds it an impossibility to separate its suffering from His. Bloy makes the awareness of this relation quite central in his statement of the ideal Christian: “A Christian without suffering is a pilgrim without a compass. He will never reach Calvary . . . (For) must not the passion of Christ, consummated in the ineffable thorn-crowned head, be fulfilled in his members too?”

These last lines go straight to the core of Bloy’s interpretation of suffering: through suffering we imitate Christ, and not only imitate Him, but enter His torn body

on Calvary. By becoming members of his tortured body we are ushered into the glory, the joy, the transcendence of his triumph.

Bloy further states: "Suffering is necessary; it is the very essence, the vertebral axis of our moral life. We do not understand that we are the members of the MAN OF SORROWS, of the man who is utmost joy, truth, love, beauty, and life only because He is the lover . . . of supreme sacrifice. The Pilgrim of the ultimate anguish has hastened across from the depth of eternity to endure, in tragic unity of time, place, and person, all the elements of torture amassed in every human act accomplished in every second of duration over the whole surface of the world in the space of sixty centuries . . . When we shed our blood, it is upon Calvary that it flows, and thence over the whole earth." (Letter to Menard)

"The essence of my thought is that, in this fallen world, all joy manifests itself in the natural, and all suffering in the divine order. Pending the judgment in the valley of Jehoshaphat the wretched man of the fall can claim nothing but the joy of suffering." (Letter to Menard)

The joy of suffering—this is indeed a strange paradox: suffering has no other cause than estrangement from God, but all suffering brings one closer to God wherein all creaturehood is to find its joy. This same positioning of joy and suffering in God is also to be

found in the caverns of the human spirit as a reflex of that which exists in God for human eyes since the advent of sin. "The essence of Paradise is union with God already present in this life, that is to say the infinite distress of the heart of man, and union with God in the future life, that is to say Blessedness." The union of the human spirit with God cannot, of itself, be other than perfect joy—but since that is impossible in this blighted life, it here assumes the aspect of utter distress. Suffering is the countenance which God has turned to the human race since the fall and exile. Man in exile, in the murky reaches of Babylon, can only approach the Promised through suffering.

"It is commonly held that joy is the opposite of sorrow and that these two impressions are incompatible . . . How can people be made to understand that at a certain height they are the same thing?" (*Dans Les Tenebres*)

Human suffering certainly is inextricably bound up with the expulsion from the Garden, but it is also just as tightly bound to the redemption. For suffering is the only tool of progress toward a God who offered Himself up in sacrifice, as God is present in all creatures who have undergone the trials which he has gone through. Christ is at the center of all; any pain and all pain in the world has its efficacy only through Christ suffering. "It is impossible

to strike a human being without striking Him, to humiliate . . . without humiliating Him, to curse or kill anyone without cursing or killing Him. The most worthless blackguard is forced to borrow the face of Christ to receive a buffet from no matter what hand; otherwise the blow would never reach him and would remain suspended for centuries and centuries, until it had met the face which pardons."

In light of this it is comparatively easy to see why Bloy yearned for and eventually wed with suffering, even when he "could have chosen another mate." For once a creature has known Christ as the man of sorrows, and realized that perfect communion with Him can be effected only through suffering, and further realized that the suffering of Christ would only terminate with the cessation of the abuses and blasphemies of man directed toward Him, that creature could not live without setting its whole heart on the ending of God's suffering by the oblation of his own finite suffering. Suffering is then lost in the obscure and hypercharged regions of love; love for the Christ and love for fellow man. Love for others is described by Bloy as that state in which "someone accepts suffering through me or for me." Everything finite and created, and in a

specific sense, everything divine, is explicable only in the light of suffering, which then means love, happiness, joy, blessedness.

I will end this study with another of Bloy's passages on the Christian metaphysic of suffering; this particular one is extracted from a letter to his fiancée.

"Do you know . . . what is the perfect thing for the soul? It is to suffer, I will not say for others, but in others. That was the most terrible agony of the saviour. Beneath the dreadful outward passion of Christ, beyond that procession of tortures and ignominies, which are almost more than we can dimly imagine, there was his compassion, which we should need eternity to understand—a harrowing compassion utterly beyond words, which put out the sun and made the stars reel, which made Him sweat blood before his crucifixion, which made Him groan his thirst and cry to the Father for mercy during his agony. Had it not been for this frightful compassion, the physical passion might have been . . . no more than a long swoon of bliss . . .

"Think of what it means that Christ suffered in his heart with the omniscience of a God, and that in his heart he had all human hearts, with all their sufferings, from Adam down to the end of time."

**BY
RONALD
MOORMAN**

1959

*Mary C. Pursley
Creative Writing
Contest Award*

Psalm 12

I can no longer see Your face,
Have YOU forgotten me?
and I'm very very
lonely and I
ache somewhere.
Must always and two days
I tell myself ever the
same thing,
always sad.
The hard-eyes are looking
on me now tomorrow and then.
Here, Lord,
I am.
Look!

I am all death now,
unless You come quick.
They spit won-words in my
face and
laugh loud noise,
and I trusted in You.

You are coming,
and I am ready by far
to rejoice.
Let me sing You Lord,
You and all Your good.

Psalm 17

My all in-me is Yours,
You, my Strongest-Arm,
my solid-stone, my high-tower, my
me-saver:
You are the high high place
I run to,
my shielder, my saver, my home of strength;
I loud-shout: "Sing Him,"
I am all-safe here from my
me-haters.
The wet walls of dying had their arms
about me, the towering towers of ruin had
me down:
The lower lower places had me tied up,
old hollow-eyes had me bound.
All hurting I called Him,
to Mine I shouted:
From His great holy place this
me He heard,
and my cry.
This old-earth shook and shook,
the very tall tall places were moving,
they quaked; He was very angry.
His breath was fiery smoke,
all fire His mouth, bringing the
coals to life.
He bent the high-places and came
down here, a thick black
mist-cover for His walking:
On a holy-angel He was and
fast,
like the very wind He came:
all covered with the darkest
dark He was, the blackest clouds
His cloak.
When the fire spit forth,
then the dead coals felt
life.
He shouted from way above,

He called out:
The long fingers of lightning
were,
and they pushed away the bad.
The very being of the great waters
was bare,
the rocks of the world were seen,
when He spoke with a cleansing tongue,
when His words spread out fire.
From way up high He took
hold of me, and from the very
deeps took me,
from the mightiest of my haters
He lifted me,
from the stronger ones too.
On the very day of my crying,
they long tried me,
but He came to me:
into the vastness of clearness
He took me, and loving me,
saved me.

I was all right, and He gave me right;
I was with pure-white hands, and He gave
all back to me:
I have walked His walks,
by not being wrong, I haven't left Him:
His great orders are to me,
and His wishings I hear.
Before Him I have been all-me,
straight I have walked.
From my right-going He paid me,
all pure-handed I was, and
He saw me.

With the true-hearts, You are true-hearted,
with the straight-walkers, you are straight-walking,
with the right ways, You are right-wayed,
but with old evil-beings, You aren't:
The little-livers You will keep,
the arched-eyed You will put away.
To my seeing You are sight,
My God, the great dark You make light.
With You the hurters of my haters
I run over,

with You I jump clear over a high wall.
His walking is right, and pure as fire His word,
He is the guard to all the Him-seekers.
Only He is God,
there's nobody that's strong
except Him;
He puts the strong-arm on
me, He makes my walking
straight, He makes me run like
deer, He raises me up
He shows me the fighting
arm, the bending of the great
bow.

The shield of You, You have given
me,
Your great right-hand has me,
Your watching is my greatness:
So I don't fall,
You made my walking wide;
My me-haters I ran after
and grabbed them,
and beat them all up;
I knocked them
down till they weren't,
and at my feet they were.

You have put strength on me,
those against me You made not
to be,
my me-haters You set running,
and have taken them away.
They shouted loud—no body
was to them, except Him—and
He was silent.

Like great clouds of swirling
dust, I threw them all over,
in the mud I walked on them
From the fighting of them, You
saved me,
above all them You made me:
Even peoples I never heard of
are mine,
they listen to me and do what
I say:

The far-away peoples
sweet-tongue me,
the far-away peoples turn
white and walk all
fear from their strong-houses.
Let Him live and live and
live! All greatness is my Great
He—loud and long shout Him
my up-lifter—
He Who made to me my
right,
Who put all everybody under
me.
From my would-be hurters
You lifted me,
You made me win over them
against me,
You took me away from the fiery-
eyed man.
I will long long shout You
among all everybody,
I will loud-sing Your great
name,
all to You who made Your king
win,
being soft-handed to Your chosen,
to Your David and His for
ever and many days.

Psalm 150

Praise Him!
Loud-shout Him in His holy house,
 loud-shout Him in the almighty power of His strong right arm,
Loud-shout Him for all the wonders of only His,
 loud-shout Him for the unending foreverness of His being.
Loud-shout Him with all the power of trumpets,
 loud-shout Him with the zing of strings,
Loud-shout Him with the motion and the movement,
 loud-shout Him with the sweet and the soaring,
Loud-shout Him with the crash of breaking boomings,
 loud-shout Him with the might of all music!
Everything and everyone loud-shout Him and shout Him!
Praise Him!

SEWERAGECANAL DIARY



If I told you what my name is, you wouldn't know me anyway, anymore than I'd know you who are reading this. Besides, I'm not important in this story anyway. I was just there to report it, you might say.

Please don't get the idea that I'm trying to make myself out to be a great writer, or anything like that. And I'm not trying to play the role of a hero or a hot-shot. You see, with all the time that I've had on my hands, and everything, I had to have something to do from going nutty in this place, so I started reading. A couple of the things I read were those, you know, whatta you call them, "memores" of all those big generals like Ike and Montgomery, and after a while, I began wondering if maybe I couldn't try writing my memores. Not for the bread, or, hell, even for the glory. That kinda jazz won't go here. It's just, well, it's just to show people what it's really like to be mixed up in the bloodiest kind of war in the U.S.A.

I don't know why, but I always liked to write and keep a kinda diary back in those days. I never told the boys about it—they'd only kid me and think I was kinda screwy—so I kept it on the sly like—and I wasn't too fussy about how and what I wrote in that little notebook. Wasn't too tough of a writer in those days (not much better now, as a matter of fact) so I had to do a little polishing up. As far as I remember all the facts and dates are right.

**By
Gregory
Mahoney**

First, let me tell you something about the background of this war. I lived in a neighborhood on the north side that was mostly Irish. It wasn't a big turf as turfs go in the city, but for its dinky size there were sure a helluva lot of Micks in it. As far back as anyone could remember, the Green Shirts, the top club in the neighborhood, was the kingpin in this part of town. All of the guys belonged.

The Cossacks, who bossed the other side of the sewerage canal that ran along the west side of our turf, were our biggest rivals, but up to the start of my diary there had been pretty much of a cool between us and them. We were happy with the way things were going in our little world and we didn't much give a damn what they were doing over there.

Once in a while we'd see them on the other side of the canal, calling us s.o.b.'s and tossing bottles at us, but, hell, as our prexy, Shanty Shannon kept on saying, no use starting a rumble if we didn't have to—and besides, it was just about Christmas season, and who wants to stick a guy on Christmas. So we played it cool that December until . . .

Sunday, Dec. 5, 1958—This is the day the wits are already tabbing the "Day of Inflamey." The snow was just starting to melt on the streets in our turf, and like most Sunday afternoons most of the gang was just laying around the house or down at the bowling alley playing around with some of the debs from the south end.

My old lady was at church, and I was on the couch, trying to catch a few z's when someone started to bang like hell on the back door.

It was Tiger Touhy, the V.P. of the Green Shirts and our Chief of Staff. He was wearing the club battle dress—heavy-knit turtle neck sweater, black leather jacket with a big green shamrock sewn on the back and a tan ivy-league cap—so I could tell that something big and something bad was shaking in Green Shirtsville. Tiger was hopping around, his eyes as big as billiard balls and looking like someone just kneed him.

"God, God, man, we've really had it now," I remember him moaning as we raced down the block.

I was going to grab him and ask him what the hell he was doing . . . then I saw the fire. The whole sky over our turf was red, and black smoke was rolling all over the place. Tiger didn't have to spell out this one for me—our armory was burning to the ground!

The building was an old garage that hadn't been used since the war. It was all boarded up and there were "For Sale" signs plastered all over it, but nobody, except the Green Shirts, paid much attention to it. For the last couple months, we'd been using it as a sorta armory and stash-out, where we stacked all our heavy stuff, some ammo and some cheap hooch. Shanty's old Merc was parked during the night, too. With that Merc, we had the blitz-

kreigingest boppers in the city.

Well, we *had* all that stuff—now it was all just a lot of fireworks going off and stinking smoke.

Most of the boys were there too—most of the fuzz in the neighborhood, too. Shanty was sitting on the curbstone, tossing stones into the mess and shouting every cuss word his old man ever taught him. The rest of the General Staff, Lance Leahy, war counsellor, and Slinker Sloan, the gunsmith, were with him with that same pained expression as Tiger on their kissers.

Slinker filled me in on the details: the Cossacks had come outta nowhere early in the morning, got past our security, and hit the armory. We had it—but good, baby.

“Awright, awright, if that’s the way those crummy bastards want to play it, we’ll give them their jap,” Shanty said—and war was declared that Sunday morning.

Sunday night—Caught one of the boys who pulled the cheesy act on us—tipped off Cossacks to our place. Tiger headed up the execution squad down by the ball field. *Monday, Dec. 6*—All quiet along the canal. Cossacks haven’t made their move yet—Shanty can’t figure it out. Maybe if we’re lucky they don’t know how much a shambles our defenses are in now.

Anyway, the Green Shirts are completely mobilized now—all fifty-seven guys ready to move. Tiger’s out trying to round up all the stuff we can to put us back in

fighting trim. He’s organizing the juniors into reserve battalions.

Rearmament has started—and it’s moving along faster than we hoped. The boys have been digging up all the lighter pieces they didn’t have stashed in the armory. The workshop at West Manual Trades can only turn out a couple zip guns a day, though, and we’re hurting without the grenades and heavy stuff that we had with the car.

Come on Cossacks, stay in your holes over there . . . we ain’t dead yet!

Tuesday, Dec. 7—Shanty hopped over to the Barbudos turf last night. The Barbudos are our brother club and the best friends we got outside of Mickville here. They didn’t want any piece of the rumble, but they did say that they’d give us some of their heavy stuff. So, Shanty and Slinker brought back an orange crate full of some zip guns, a shotgun, and a handful of grenades and gasoline bottles. This morning Tiger made a return good-will mission up to the Barbudos with a couple cans of sneaky pete.

The boys are starting to feel that ole heart again now that we got something to fight with.

Still nothing from across the canal.

Wednesday, Dec. 8—Slinker’s walking around with a big smile. He broke into the war surplus store last night. Rearmament moves on.

Shanty says the word and the Green Shirts roll. But when?

Wednesday night—Cossacks hit again. Tried a commando raid along the banks of the canal, trying to jap us before we could get rearmed, I guess. Two of them were dropped where they stood by our reinforced security patrol. Other three beat it back across the canal. Think one of them has a .22 slug in his can tonight. We tossed the two stiffs back into the slime where they came from.

Thursday, Dec. 9—Fuzz are patrolling up and down the streets on both sides of the canal after the japping last night. An uneasy cool is on until the cops get out of the way.

Friday, Dec. 10—Cossacks started sending across balloons with propaganda messages tied to them. Mostly a lotta crap about the Cossacks wanting to be friends with us, if only we'd give them a strip of our turf on this side of the canal.

Friday night—We gave the Cossacks their answer tonight. About eight of us crossed the ice into their turf. We travelled light—garrison belts, car aerals, shives, knucks—all except Shanty and Tiger, who were toting Molotov cocktails and grenades hitched onto their belts.

We owe the Cossacks a little something for Dec. 5.

Our snakes have tipped us off that the Cossacks have their H.Q. in the basement of the fieldhouse at the neighborhood park. We also have the word that their General Staff was holding a big meeting tonight.

Somewhere the Cossacks had picked up wheels—a banged up Chevy panel truck and a '50 Ford convert. They were both parked in back of the fieldhouse—with no guard.

Shanty splits up the party. He takes one half toward the fieldhouse. Tiger leads the rest of us toward the cars. Tiger waits two minutes (like Shanty told him), lights up his cocktail and heaves it at the truck and we run like hell for cover.

The bottle smashes against the hood and the Chevvy goes up like a fourth of July display. We trot past the fire and head for the Ford. Tiger throws up the hood, jimmies around for a bit, and damn, if he doesn't have the thing running. We wheel past the fire and then past the fieldhouse—just in time to pick up Shanty and his boys who had just come smashing up through one of the basement windows. Shanty pulls the pin and rolls a grenade back into the basement.

All the way back across the 37th St. bridge we're laughing like hell.

Saturday, Dec. 11—No balloons came over today. No sign of life from their turf. This morning we checked on the results of our little raid. The Cossacks wound up with no wheels, a gleeped war counselor, a very untidy meeting place and a few red faces. Shanty had wanted to bag their prexy, Kookie Krumbles, alive, but our snakes tell us that last night Kookie was over in the Chinook Bandits' turf,

trying to con them into being an ally against us. Like the Barbudos, the Bandits don't want any part of this rumble.

The fuzz are buzzing round like flies. Don't know what they're so hopped-up about. We haven't hurt any citizens yet, have we?

Sunday, Dec. 12—The first anniversary of the sneak attack on our turf. Shanty called a special meeting of all the Green Shirts in the back of Malone's hardware store. He passed congratulations all the way around. He gave Tiger a watch he snatched from the Cossacks' H.Q. as a kinda reward for Tiger's work in getting the gang together and blasting the truck.

He doesn't say much, but we know that Shanty wants us to roll soon against the Cossacks and that it's not going to be a picnic. Shanty is prexy, I think, because he's got the best head in the club. He reads a lot, for a guy that's out of school, and hell, maybe someday he'll go to college.

Wednesday, Dec. 15—It's been a quiet week so far. Shanty and Lance have been huddling ever since Sunday. Something big's shaking. Morale's high among the boys in the gang, but we're still all a little bit edgy, just sitting around, looking up and down the canal.

Something's gotta give soon. This cool just ain't natural.

The cops are still chasing their tails. Show me a fuzz with a cool-

er head than Shanty Shannon.

Friday, Dec. 17—We got the word this afternoon. Tomorrow we roll. The War Council has spoken.

"We'll all be home by Christmas," Shanty promises.

It's snowing out tonight. Good cover.

Saturday, Dec. 18—

5:36 a.m.—D-Day, H-Hour minus eighty minutes. We move out. It's snowing like a s.o.b. Sixty Green Shirts on the prowl for the Big Move. The Big Rumble.

We're splitting into three groups. One bunch, about forty-five guys, is going to move across the ice on the canal on foot and head straight into Cossack turf. Meanwhile, Shanty is going to take another bunch and head up north in the Ford, cross the 24th St. bridge and buzz into Cossack turf from the right flank. Then, Tiger and five of us are going to head south, hoist some kind of wheels, cross the 37th St. bridge and hit the Cossacks from the left flank. When the three groups join—like, wham.

6:15 a.m.—We (Tiger's bunch) got our wheels—one of those dinky little bakery trucks was parked down the street—with its motor running while the guy was up making his bread deliveries. Before he knows it, we're in and scooting away toward 37th. Tiger's got a goofy grin all over his kisser. He's got a baker's apron pulled around his battle dress and a screwy baker's cap on his head.

He's driving while the rest of us are hunched down in the back of the truck.

6:28 a.m.—We cross the 37th St. bridge, a couple of minutes ahead of Shanty's master plan. We see a couple of cop cars cruising up and down the streets.

The foot troops should be across by now and Shanty's party should be on its way on the flank.

"Let's go" Tiger says.

6:47 a.m.—The bakery truck is parked a block from what our snakes tell us is the new Cossack H.Q.—the "Big Wheel" roller rink. In thirteen minutes, according to our timetable, we hit the place, grab whoever we find, occupy this strip of Cossackville and dictate our own peace terms.

It's about five above, but, damned if I'm not sweating beneath my jacket and sweater.

7:00 a.m.—Hit!

The truck moves up to the rink and we can see our guys edging down the street and up the alleys beside the rink. Here comes Shanty. We're rolling . . .

8:03 a.m.—We've been ambushed—screwed. As soon as we started to move in, a million Cossacks came jumping out of nowhere, over fences, out of buildings, around corners. They were all over us. Hit us from behind, from in front.

The guys on foot were ringed in and cut down where they stood. Blood all over the snow. Started hearing police sirens then. Tiger gunned the truck into a bunch of

Cossacks that were running toward us. Shotguns going off behind us then, Tiger stopped one trying to cut back to the canal. Think it was a .45 slug right through the windshield. Caught him in the nose. Boy, was he surprised. Truck smashed into the guardrail. We took off from it and beat the hell back to the turf. Another guy in our bunch got hit in the back before he could set foot on the other side of the bridge. Couple of Green Shirts lying face down on the ice.

With Tiger's untimely demise, I'm now second in command.

More sirens all over the city. Fuzz is moving in fast.

9:00 a.m.—Lance got a busted leg. I saw him limping away from the squadroll. Slinker is God knows where. Shanty and me and a couple of the boys are holding out in the locker room of West Manual Trades. Cops are closing in. Shanty looks like he's had the course. He's got blood all over him, and his face is white beneath all the slime and blood. He's looking out the little window at the top of the wall, but he's not seeing anything.

9:14 a.m.—Cops are at the top of the gym stairs now, yelling down for us to surrender. Don't know about the other guys here, but Shanty's saying that the only way the fuzz'll get him up there is feet first.

9:17 a.m.—He was right. War is hell, dad.

IOTA

*Hanley Science
Essay Award, 1959*

Virus has become a household word in this age of "fall out," and the greater percentage of our population has contracted one form or another of the virus diseases at some time in their life. While being one of the more common social and medical entities of this age, it is perhaps one of the least known or understood. Just what are viruses? How are they different from bacteria? Where do they live? How do they cause disease? These are the questions asked and are the questions which this paper will attempt to answer as well as they can be answered by today's men of science.

The knowledge of viruses is not confined to our time but had its beginnings in the work of Iwanowski in 1892. However, it was not until fairly recently that these "smallest-of-all-living-things" were recognized for what they are. They pass through filters which trap even the smallest bacteria, they fail to carry on the basic life processes as we know

them, and they appear to actually reproduce only *within* the cells of the animal, plant, or bacteria they invade.

We may consider them alive, but in so doing it is necessary for us to widen the concept 'life' as we know it. Almost all living organisms carry on the same metabolic processes on the cellular level with only certain minor modifications. The metabolic processes of viruses, on the other hand, appear to be totally different, if they do even carry on any metabolic processes. The one critical criterion through which we attribute life to a virus is the fact that it reproduces, but this as a true criterion is refuted by some authors in that it is insufficient.

The study of viruses has traveled along two fairly well defined paths; first, that of studying the virus as a natural phenomenon, or in other words the "pure" study, and second, the "practical" study of them in order to find ways of curing or preventing the diseases they cause. Here we will look at those phases of both fields which are of interest to us.

Whichever way the scientist attempts to approach the study of viruses, he is confronted with basically the same problems. As

By
Raymond Tennant

mentioned previously, the virus actually lives and reproduces within other cells; therefore the tools of the bacteriologist are of relatively no use. One avenue of bacteriology is still open to us, that of immunology. Immunology deals primarily with man's battle for life with disease-causing microorganisms. The bacteria or the substance it produces is termed an *antigen*, and the substance which man produces to fight this is called an *antibody*. We will see how all of this applies here as we progress.

So much for the introduction; now let us get down to facts. Just what is a virus? Well, physically we do not get much of a picture. All viruses differ rather greatly in size from family to family; on the average, however, we can quote a size of about ten-millionths of an inch. Because of this size (lack of size would be more proper) the only practical way to study them is with the electron microscope. This, however, raises another disadvantage in that things can be observed with the electron scope only when they are in a vacuum; it is evident therefore that we can study nothing in the living state.

The latest experiments indicate that the virus is composed of a coat of protein with a core of nucleoprotein. We are all familiar with the protein of diet fame, but this nucleoprotein is rather unheard of. All evidence points to the fact that it is, or is a consid-

erable part of, the gene. The gene is the factor which determines your hereditary traits. To sum this up, we might call the virus a "gene in a protein coat."

You probably wonder how such a small and relatively simple thing is capable of causing so much trouble. Just so we do not underestimate these viruses, let us take a look at how one of these manages to get into the cell and what it does there. The majority of the work in this field has been done on viruses which live in bacteria, or bacteriophages as the scientists call them. There is little reason to assume that plant or animal viruses differ very greatly from the basic mechanism.

If you can picture a bacteriophage, or 'phage' as it is more commonly called, magnified some 70,000 times, it would appear as a hexagonal rock with a stick stuck in it, somewhat on the order of a taffy apple. The end or tail of the phage, corresponding to the end of the stick, is made of a chemical substance called an enzyme which can dissolve substances similar to it. The end of the tail also has a definite electrical charge on it. When the phage is placed in a solution of bacteria for which it is specific, the charges on the tail of the phage and on the bacteria's outer surface match. The tail of the phage is then drawn in contact with the surface of the bacterium.

The work of the phage now begins. The enzyme on the tail of

the phage breaks a hole in the outer covering of the bacterium, and the nucleoprotein of the phage seeps into the bacterium. The protein coat of the phage remains outside, and the nucleoprotein seems to disappear within the bacterium. Just what happens now is still something of a mystery, but it appears to work somewhat like this. The nucleoprotein of the phage distributes itself throughout the bacterium, and the bacterium is stimulated to absorb from the surrounding medium certain inorganic phosphates and related materials. These are then utilized along with the parent nucleoprotein in the synthesis of the new phage material. As this material accumulates the synthesis of new protein coats begin, and at the end of twenty to thirty minutes the bacterium bursts open, and approximately 200 new phages emerge, carrying about 40% of the parent nucleoprotein; the rest of which is supplied by the bacterium.

Now that we have taken a look at the more general properties of viruses, let us move on to the part which is of interest to us all, how they react and their effect on man.

Here we encounter two more problems. First, we must find some way of studying the viruses independently of the host they infect. A bacterium, say the diphtheria bacillus, can be grown on relatively simple mixtures of sterilized nutrients, tubes of broth or

plates of agar, a gelatin-like substance. The viruses, however, as we now know, can live only within living cells. To solve this problem, the virologists initiated a process called "tissue culture." This consists in growing living animal or plant cells in a liquid environment which is rich in growth factors and nutrients, and then injecting the virus into this medium. Second, what can we use to study their effects within the host? It is quite impractical to go around innoculating various members of our society, and viruses which are specific for man usually will not "take" in laboratory animals, that is, they will not produce in laboratory animals the disease they do in man.

This problem is solved either by a process known as "animal passage" in which a virus, say influenza, is injected into a laboratory animal, or another method which is commonly used, injection of it into a chicken embryo. The virus is allowed to grow within this first host for a time; it is then recovered and injected into another host of the same species. Gradually as this process is continued, the virus will lose its ability to cause influenza in man and will finally produce comparable symptoms only in the laboratory animal. The experimental host must show some sign or symptom that will allow the experimenter to know it is infected.

The action of the influenza virus can be measured not only in

the mouse and the chick embryo but also in the test tube. When the virus is mixed with a suspension of red blood cells in saline, it causes the cells to clump in an easily visible fashion. Since the accidental discovery of this phenomenon by George K. Hirst, then of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, the various applications of the agglutination technique have made it possible to analyze the qualities by which one type of virus differs from another. This action of the influenza virus on living red blood cells has enabled researchers to work with it on the problem of how it infects the cells, as described above with the bacteriophage.

One point which should be clarified here is the concept of virulence, or the ability to infect and cause disease. Upon examination it becomes apparent that it is a disadvantage for a virus to be so virulent as to destroy the host which it invades. Whenever it does so, it does it at the cost of self-sacrifice. This then leads us to believe that a strain of viruses which are very virulent are relatively new in the evolutionary line, for as host and parasite live together there is an adaptive response in which the virus loses its virulence for its host.

Thus an approach to practical control of a virus disease nearly always depends essentially on obtaining an understanding of the means by which the balance between the virus and the host is

maintained in nature and how it can be modified in either direction by biological accident or by human design. From this understanding have emerged two concepts: first, immunity or the antigen-antibody relation which was discussed at the beginning of the paper, and second, the "subclinical infection" which we will discuss now.

A subclinical infection is one in which the infected person gives no sign of any ill effects. It is likely that most of us have had some type of subclinical infection in our lives. For example, when one of the members of the family comes down with the mumps it is probable that one or more of the other members at the same time have a subclinical case of the disease. How do these two phenomena fit in with viruses and man?

They are related techniques used in the prevention and cure of virus diseases. When the virus or antigen enters man it may effect its deleterious action in different ways—tumors, lesions, etc.; however, on the cellular level the activity is basically the same. The virus interrupts one or more of the cell's metabolic processes. Theoretically, this can be accomplished even if the virus does not enter; contact is enough. It is also possible for the virus to reside within the cell without reproducing itself. It is theorized that this might account for recurrence of viral infections and for the trans-

mission of viruses from parent to offspring.

From the time the virus enters the body it initiates the production of antibodies specific for it. However, it is thought that once the virus enters a cell it is no longer capable of initiating an antibody response. As these antibodies begin to circulate in the blood stream, they begin to tie up the viruses present there and those free in other parts of the body. When the antigen and antibody meet, the antigen (virus) is no longer capable of affecting the cells; it is similar to draining all of the electricity out of a battery.

The problem arises in the fact that when a virus invades a person and begins to multiply, the antibody response does not come in time to prevent the deleterious action. This is where the subclinical infection comes in. There is probably not one among us who is not familiar with the good old inoculation or "shot." When you receive a "shot," you, in effect, receive the disease-causing organism. In diphtheria, for example, you are given a shot of the diphtheria bacillus; however, the dosage is such that a true manifestation of the disease is not effected. This is accomplished in different ways, but usually either an extremely small dose is given or else the patient is injected with organisms which have been attenuated, that is, have lost their ability to produce disease but can still initiate an antibody response.

When these "sublethal" organisms begin to circulate, they too initiate an antibody response. Some of these antibodies may remain for quite some time, but, what is more important, the cells of the body are ready in case this organism ever appears again. The cells now have a "mold" with which to work and produce antibodies for this organism quickly.

All these above considerations hold true for viruses. In addition, a person recovering from a viral infection *usually* has a rather long and *sometimes* permanent immunity to the disease. But once the disease has been acquired what can be done? In such cases there is little which is really effective. Viruses respond very little, if at all, to the "traditional" penicillin and sulfa drug therapy; although Aureomycin and Terramycin have been effective in some cases. The usual procedure, however, is to give injections of immune serum (blood serum of a person just recovered from the disease), which is rich in specific antibodies.

The object of this paper has been to present a rather "panoramic" view of viruses and how they effect man, rather than a critical analysis of viral properties and functions. As to whether all the above statements apply to all viruses in the same way, and as to what other mysteries lie hidden beyond the realm of all man's natural senses, we must leave to time and future researchers to uncover.